Oxford Democrat.

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PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

Hurrah! for Cass and Butler.

Hurrah! for Cass and Butler!
Be the cry from every tongue;
For the democratic banner
To the breeze again is flung.
Hurrah! for Cass and Butler!
Names brighter never shone,
On a fold so fondly guarded
As a freeborn people's own.

Hurrah! for Cass and Butler!
For the pen and for the hand,
That never shrunk from guarding
The Hero of our land:
Either when the Britton proudly
Claimed the sceptre of the wave;
Or upon our soil the Aztec
Threw down the reeking glaive.

Hurrah! for those who proudly
May point to what they were
In days by-gone: who fear not
To tell us what they are!
Who believe the thoughts of rulers
'Tis a people's right to know,
And who, to every vital measure,
Either stand a friend or foe.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE ANACONDA.

A TALE OF CEYLON.

You are already aware—said Everard Brooks, while seated amidst the friends who had met to listen to his story—that my fortune was made in the island of Ceylon. It was there that I was lucky enough to find employment in the house of a man whose virtues rendered him as much the object of universal esteem, as the favors which he conferred on me, entitled him to my peculiar gratitude. I was engaged by him as his secretary, but all other names were soon forgotten by us both in that of friends. He was an Englishman, as well as myself, and perhaps this had no slight influence in producing so strict an intimacy between us. A variety of untoward circumstances had compelled him to abandon his native land, and sail in pursuit of fortune in the East.—His toil had been vain: the capricious goddess who had fled from him with such disdain in Europe, now showered her favors upon his head with the most unwearied profusion. He had consumed but a few years in Ceylon, and was already rich, and possessed of a distinguished station. It seemed as if fortune was at length resolved to convince the world that she was not always blind; for had she searched the whole island through, she would have found it difficult to bestow wealth upon wiser or better man. But of all his treasures, that which he counted the most precious, was a wife, who united all the beauty and graces of her sex with all the firmness and judgement of ours.

My friend and patron (his name was Seafield) possessed a villa at a small distance from Columbo. The place, it is true, was of no great extent, but it united in their fullest perfection, all those charms which rendered nature in that climate so irresistibly enchanting. This was Seafield's most beloved residence, and hither he hastened, whenever the duties of his station permitted his absenting himself for a few days from Columbo; in particular, there was a small circular pavilion designed by his own hand, and raised under his own inspection, to which he was particularly partial, and in which he was accustomed to pass the greater portion of his time. It stood some few hundred yards from the dwelling house, and was situated on a small eminence, whence the prospect over land and sea was of a description rich, varied, and extensive. Around it towered a thick circle of palm trees resembling a colonnade; their leafy fans formed a second cupola above the roof; and while they prevented a single sunbeam from peering through the coldness of their embowering shades, their tall and slender stems permitted not the eye to lose one of the innumerable charms afforded by the surrounding country.

This delightful spot happened to be the residence of Seafield's whole family, when accidental business of importance required Louisa's presence at Columbo. Conscious that her husband considered every day as lost, which he was compelled to pass at a distance from his beloved retreat, she positively refused his attendance, but, accepting me as an escort, departed for the city. Diligence and impatience to return home, enable her to dispatch her affairs in less time than she had expected them to occupy; and at the very first moment that she found herself to be once more at liberty, she ordered the palanquins to be prepared, and her slaves to hold themselves in readiness for departing. Our journey was performed by night, for the double purpose of reaching home the sooner, and escaping the ardor of the noonday sun. We arrived an hour after daybreak; yet Seafield was already abroad.

'As usual, he has ascended the hill to enjoy the beauty of the rising sun,' said Zadi, Seafield's old and attached servant.

'We shall find him in the pavilion then?' said Louisa.

'Not an hour ago, I left him there, writing,' was the reply.

'We will go thither and suprise him,' she said, addressing herself to me; 'wait here while I change my dress; a few moments will suffice for my toilet, and I shall expect to find you on my return.'

In the meanwhile, I remained leaning against one of the columns which supported the small portico by which the door was sheltered. Hence I enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the hill and the pavilion, which surrounded by its light and beautiful garden of palm trees, attracted the sight irresistibly. While my eye dwelt with satisfaction on their broad sheltering heads, I fancied that I could discover a large excrescence upon the stem of one of them, extremely unusual in those trees, which in general rear themselves perpendicularly towards the sky, regular and straight as the pillars of a colonnade. It resembled a large branch extending from one stem to its neighbor; and what puzzeled me more in this appearance was, that it seemed occasionally to be waved backwards and forwards though the breathing of the sea-gale was so gentle, that it scarcely waved the leaves of the neighboring branches

I was still puzzling myself with conjectures, when Zadi drew near me with some light refreshments. I pointed to the branch whose apparent motion had excited so much of my attention, and inquired whether he could at all account for the strong effect produced upon it by the sea breeze, while the slighter boughs were so gently agitated. He immediately turned his gaze upon the palm trees, but no sooner did his eye rest upon the spot in question, than the silver basket with its contents dropped from his hands; the paleness of death spread itself over his swarthy countenance; and while his eyes expressed the deepest horror and consternation, he pronounced with difficulty, 'the anaconda! that is the anaconda! We are undone!'

What could have produced an effect so sudden and violent upon a man whom I well knew to inherit from nature the most determined courage, and most remarkable self-possession, was to me absolutely incomprehensible.

'Tell me,' I exclaimed, 'what terrifies you thus? what mean you by the anaconda?'

Zadi endeavored to recover himself; but before he had time for explanation, Mrs. Seafield joined us, and, putting her arm in mine, advanced towards the pavilion. Zadi's tongue was now loosened.

'Stay,' said he: 'proceed not a step beyond these walls. Every door and window must be bolted. Ah! Mr. Everard, that branch of the palm-trees is no branch—it is a snake! a terrible snake! We call it the anaconda, and its kind is in size the most enormous, in nature the most fierce, and in appetite the most ravenous of any to be found through Ceylon! See! See!' he continued, approaching one of the windows, "see how the monster plays among the branches!—It always twines and twists itself into those folds, and knots, and circles, when it prepares to dart itself upon the ground like lightning to seize its prey! Oh! my master! my poor dear master!—he can never escape! nothing can save him!

Half of this alarming explanation was more than enough to throw the wretched Louisa into a state of distraction. Her features so distorted by terror that she was scarcely to be known for the same woman, her eyes stretched almost to bursting, and her hands folded together with as strong a grasp as if she meant them never again to be separated, she exclaimed, in a voice so expressive of suffocation, that it pierced her hearers to the very heart—

'My husband! my beloved! Oh, help me to save him, good men! Forsake him not! Oh! forsake him not"

Overpowered by her sensation, she fainted in my arms.

Zadi flew to summon her female attendants, who in a short time restored their mistress to animation, and he afterwards returned to the apartment in which we were assembled, to inform us of the state of affairs without. His anxious vigilance had induced him to examine every part of the mansion and ascertain with his own eyes that it was perfectly secure against danger. He now returned out of breath from the balcony, whence he had discovered to his great satisfaction that his view was unimpeded over the whole pavilion. He remarked that the door and all the windows (as far as the power of vision extended) were closely fastened, and hence he very reasonably concluded that his master had been aware of the enemy's approach in full time to take every necessary precaution for his safety.

'Hear you that, my dear lady?' I exclaimed, while I took Louisa's hand; 'surely this intelligence is alone sufficient to restore your health and tranquillity. We had nothing to apprehend for Seafield, except his being surprised by the monster, while unprepared. But you observe that he has had time to shut out the danger; he has now nothing to do but to remain quiet within his retreat, and the snake will either not discover his being so near, or at any rate will be unable to break through the bulwarks which separate them. The whole business, therefore, is a disagreeable blockade for an hour or perhaps less, at the end of which the anaconda will grow weary of waiting for its prey, and, by retiring to seek it in some other quarter, will release our friend.'

The satisfaction with which I thus endeavored to reassure the agonized heart of Louisa, was not thoroughly established in my own. But Zadi, whose own feelings were too much agitated by his master's situation to permit his attending to those of others, hastened with too little consideration to destroy the hope which I so fondly indulged, and with which I strove to soothe the afflicted wife.

'Oh, no, no, no!' he exclaimed; 'we must not reckon upon the snake's leaving us so soon! When the anaconda has once chosen a group of trees for her abode, and is seen to sport among the branches, in the manner in which we saw her amusing herself, she will remain there for whole weeks, waiting patiently for her prey, till every chance of success fails her, and absolute famine compels her to emigrate; but her capacity of existing without food is almost inconceivable, and till she removes of her own free will, no human power is able to drive her from her retreat.'

'Perhaps you are right, my good Zadi,' said I, 'but we must do our best to dispossess the animal of its lodgment, and frustrate its intentions. Come along, my friends; let us sally forth with caution, and see what is to be done.'

Thus saying, I was immediately followed by the male attendants of the household, armed in the best manner that could be effected. Under favor of the thick underwood, we continued to advance, till we were scarcely more than a hundred paces from the monster. The huge snake was still employed in twisting itself into a thousand coils among the palm-branches, with such restless activity, with rapidity so inconceivable, that it was frequently impossible for the eye to follow her movements. At one moment she fastened herself by her tail to the very summit of the loftiest tree, and, stretching out at her full length, swung backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock, so that her head seemed to graze the earth beneath her: then in another, before the eye was aware of her intention, she totally disappeared among the leafy canopies. Now she appeared stretched out, her body upon the grass, and with elevated head, and high arched neck, describing a large or small circle, as her capricious pleasure prompted.

These latter movements gave us an opportunity to discriminate with more exactness the singular richness and beauty of her tints. The long body was covered with a net-work of glittering scales, girdling it with rings above rings, and effectually securing it against every attack. Much as I admired the splendor of its garment, not less did I wonder at the enormous size and length of this terrific creature. But the tranquillity of our observation was suddenly disturbed. The animal desisted from her airy gambols, and laid herself down close to the circular pavilion, encompassing it entirely, as if determined to secure her destined victim.

Deeply penetrated by the sense of that danger by which my friend was menaced, I forgot my own, and seizing my gun, placed it to my shoulder; the ball whistled through the air. I was an excellent marksman, and was certain that I had pointed my piece exactly at the monster's head: and yet, whether too great anxiety had made my hand shake, or that the animal at the very moment made some slight change in her attitude, I know not: but it is at least certain, that not the slightest shrinking gave me reason to believe that she felt herself at all injured. On the contrary, she only busied herself in renewing attempts to gain an entrance through the pavillion's windows; till at length, seemingly wearied with her unavailing efforts, she retired slowly, and concealed herself under the verdant umbrella of the palm trees. We had also regained our former lurking-place, though we were now more irresolute than ever as to the means most proper to be adopted for the rescue of my friend.

While we stood thus with our eyes fixed immovably upon the pavilion, we observed the door to be slightly agitated. After a minute, the lock was gently drawn back; slowly, and with the utmost caution did the door expand about the breadth of half a foot, and out sprang the little Psyche, a beautiful Italian greyhound, Seafield's favorite playfellow and inseperable companion. As if conscious of her danger, she rushed down the hill with the utmost swiftness; but with still greater swiftness did the anaconda, with one monstrous spring, dart rattling down from its airy covert. The poor little animal was seized; we could just hear a short half-suppressed cry, which marked its dying agony.

The distress occasioned in my mind by this sight, in itself so painful and disgusting, was converted into agony by the reflections to which it gave birth, after the first few moments of horror and surprise were past. The fact was now confirmed, which till this moment (in order to preserve at least a gleam of comfort, however faint,) I had obstinately refused to believe.—Seafield, then, was actually in the pavilion; the discharge of my musket had in all probability made him aware that his friends were at no great distance. No one but he could have unclosed the door so cautiously, in order to leave his little favorite at liberty to quit their common shelter; and Zadi was positive that he had observed a ribbon fastened round the neck of the animal, to which something white appeared to be attached, in form resembling a letter. It was then a message to us! a cry for assistance! a sacred injunction that we should not abandon him in this hour of his utmost need! But what course were we to pursue? We discharged a volley from our fire-arms, and a hail of bullets rattled about the head of the gigantic snake—but all was unavailing.

Day drew to a close. We returned to the house, there to sustain the drooping spirits of the miserable wife. Night passed away. It was a night of misery, and the dawn of day found us still devising schemes for the liberation of Seafield. At length—strange that such a brilliant idea had not occurred sooner—Zadi proposed, that if we could by any means appease the appetite of the anaconda with food, his master's life might yet be saved. Happy thought; but alas! there was not a living animal on the estate—all had been some time before removed to pastures in a distant part of the country. We remembered, however, that upon the adjacent property of Van Derkel, the rich Hollander, we might possibly procure what we wanted.—In this our hopes were not disappointed, but not a slave would undertake to drive the herd of cattle to the neighborhood of the spot where the snake had taken up her abode, and I took upon myself the risk of the adventure.

Behold me then driving the herd of beasts before me. We arrived near the group of palm trees; every thing was hushed and tranquil; not a sound was to be heard, except the noise of the scattered branches, as the heifers trampled them beneath their feet; the anaconda seemed to have disappeared altogether. But, on a sudden, a loud rattling crash was heard among the palms, and with a single spring, the snake darted down like a thunder-clap, and twisted herself with her whole body round her devoted victim. Before the animal was yet aware of his danger, he already felt his dewlap enclosed between the expanded jaws of the monster.—Roaring aloud, he attempted to fly, and succeeded in dragging his tormentor a few yards away with him; but instantly she coiled around him in three or four wide folds, and drew these knots so close together, that the entangled beast was incapable of moving, and remained as if rooted to the place, already struggling with the terrors and pangs of death. The first noise of this extraordinary contest had been sufficient to put the remaining cattle to flight. Unequal as was the strife, still it was not over instantly.—The noble beast wanted not spirit to defend himself, nor was his strength easily exhausted. Now he rolled himself upon the ground, and endeavored to crush his enemy with his weight; now he swelled every nerve, and exerted the power of every muscle to burst the fetters in which his limbs were enveloped: he shook himself violently, he stamped, he bit, he roared, he pawed up the earth, he foamed at the mouth, and then dashed himself on the ground again with convulsive struggles. But, every moment, the anaconda drew her folds tighter and tighter, till, after struggling for a full quarter of an hour, I at length saw the poor animal stretched out at full length, and breathless, totally deprived of motion and life.

Now, then, I expected to see the anaconda gratify the hunger by which she had so long been tormented; but I was ignorant that it is not the custom of this animal to divide its prey, but to swallow it in one enormous morsel. The size of the murdered ox made this impossible without much preparation: and I now learned from the snake's proceedings, the necessity there was for her always remaining in the neighborhood of some large tree. She again seized the animal and dragged it to the foot of the stoutest palm. Here she endeavored to place it upright, leaning against the trunk. Having effected this, she enveloped the tree and carcass together in one great fold, and continued to draw this closer, till she had broken every bone in her victim's body, and had reduced it to a shapeless mass of flesh. She was still occupied in this manner, when I hastened back to the mansion-house to rejoice Louisa and Zadi with the assurance of my success.

The roaring of the ox had already prepared the latter for my tidings. He met me at the door, and informed me that the succors which we had thought fit to send for from Columbo were arrived, and that a physician had accompanied them. I immediately requested to see the latter, and commissioned him to impart the good news of Seafield's approaching deliverance to Louisa, with such precautions as might prevent her enfeebled constitution from suffering through excess of joy. On entering the court-yard, I found the whole body of domestics, women and children, as well as men, prepared for the attack, with clubs, hatchets, and every sort of weapon which had offered itself to their hands. The party from Columbo were all provided with ammunition, and we now all set joyfully forward for the hill, though on approaching it, we judged it as well to use some little precaution.

I advanced beyond the rest. The anaconda had by this time covered the carcass with her slime, and was in the very act of gorging this monstrous morsel. This task was not accomplished without the most violent efforts; a full hour elapsed, before she had quite finished her dreadful meal; at length the carcass was entirely swallowed, and she stretched herself out at full length on the grass, with her stomach distended to the most astonishing dimensions. Every trace of her former liveliness and activity had disappeared. Her immoderate appetite had now yielded her up, impotent and defenceless, a prey even to the least formidable foe.

I hasten to conclude this long and painful tragedy. I discharged my musket at a moderate distance. This time the ball struck her close by the eye, she felt herself wounded; her body swelled with spite and rage, and every stripe of her variegated skin shone with more brilliant and vivid colors. But as to revenging herself upon her assailant, of that she was now incapable. She made one vain attempt to regain her old retreat among the boughs of the palm trees, but sank down again upon the grass, motionless and helpless. The report of my musket was the signal agreed upon to give notice to the expectant crowd, that they might approach without danger. Every one now rushed towards the snake with loud shouting and clamors of joy. We all at once attacked her, and she soon expired under a thousand blows. But I did not wait to witness this catastrophe. A dearer interest occupied my mind; I hastened with all speed to the pavilion, and knocked loudly at the door, which was fastened within.

'Seafield! my friend!" I exclaimed; "'tis I! 'tis Everard! Open! open! I bring you life and liberty!"

A minute passed—another—and still I listened in vain for an answer. Had fatigue overpowered him? Was he asleep, that he answered not? I knocked again; I spoke a second time and louder; I listened so attentively that I could have distinguished the humming of a gnat within the pavilion. Was it possible that, after all, I had come too late? The thought was distraction! I snatched an axe from one of the slaves, and after a few blows, the pavilion door flew open.

I rushed into the room, and looked eagerly round for my friend. I found him; his eyes were closed, his cheeks pale, every feature of his noble countenance so changed, that he was scarcely to be recognized. He lay extended in his arm-chair, and the noise of our entrance seemed to rouse him from a long stupor. He saw me; a faint smile played around his wan lips, while he attempted to stretch out his hand to me, but it sank down again from weakness.

'You are safe!' I endeavored to say; but the attempt to repress my gushing tears choked my voice, and the sounds were unintelligible.

'Yes,' said he with difficulty, 'this is being a friend indeed! But tell me! Louisa——?'

'She lives and expects you!' I replied.—'Come, come, my friend, rouse yourself; make an effort, and shake off this leathergy. Look upon your danger as no more than a frightful dream, and awake to the real happiness which awaits you.'

'It waits not for me,' he answered faintly; 'I have received my death-warrant in this chamber. My minutes are counted. Louisa! oh, bear me to Louisa!'

The chamber was hot and close, even to suffocation. We removed him with all speed into the open air, four of the slaves bearing him as he sat in his arm-chair. The pure atmosphere seemed immediately to produce a beneficial effect upon the sufferer; and his strength was still further recruited by a few drops of cordial with which I had taken care to provide myself and which I administered with the utmost caution.

On our arrival at the mansion-house, we found that Zadi's attention had already prepared everything which his master could possibly need. His bed was prepared, every kind of refreshment was in readiness, and the physician was waiting to afford his much-required assistance. I will not attempt to describe the agonizing meeting between Seafield and Louisa, his wife.

It was soon, alas! but too evident that Seafield's sufferings in that fatal pavilion had injured his constitution irreparably. With every succeeding day his strength visibly decreased, and the blighted flower bowed itself near the ground. His malady defied the power of medicine; he seemed to perish away before our eyes, and the physician was at length compelled to acknowledge that all the powers of art were insufficient to sustain any longer Seafield's exhausted frame.

What Louisa and myself endured, while watching his slow but constantly progressive journey to the tomb, no words can utter. He gave Zadi and his three sons their freedom, and made over to him a small estate near Columbo, sufficient to secure the comfort of the good old man for the remainder of his existence. The last moments of this unfortunate gentleman at length arrived. He breathed his last sigh on the bosom of his inconsolate wife. I witnessed the unspeakable composure of her affliction. I chose for Seafield's sepulchre the place which he had always loved best—the fatal pavilion.—Zadi and myself laid our friend in the earth; we should have thought his coffin profained, had we suffered any other hands to touch it. Seafield and his sufferings slept in the grave—his less fortunate friends still live to lament him.

My benefactor had left his property jointly to myself and Louisa. Alas! the bereaved Louisa was already regardless of all earthly treasures. In vain did she forbid her lips to confess the progress which grief made in her constitution; her emaciated form sufficiently betrayed it. A few melancholy weeks elapsed from the death of my friend, and she sunk beneath the blow she had received. She was deposited in the same grave with her husband. For myself, I was unable to sustain the weight of grief imposed upon me by this second calamity; and a long and dangerous illness was the consequence of my mental sufferings.

The skill of my physician saved my life; and no sooner was I able to quit the house, than I resolved to withdraw from a land rendered hateful to me by such bitter recollections. In consequence of Louisa's decease, the whole of Seafield's property, by his will, devolved on me. I endeavored to prevail on Zadi to accept some part of it, but he declared that his master's liberality had gone beyond his utmost wishes.

You are now informed (continued Everard; after a moment's pause, addressing the company,) by what means I acquired my fortune. It was the gift of gratitude: but never can I recollect the dreadful service which I rendered Seafield, (and, alas! which I rendered him in vain,) without feeling my frame convulsed with horror and my mind tortured by the most painful recollections.

Everard was silent; so were all around him. It had been reported that he had obtained wealth in India, by improper means, and his narrative was, therefore, pleasing to the friends who had listened to him. But in the little party no one experienced such feelings of delight as the amiable Jessy, whose tender heart had been deeply affected by the tale of her lover's conduct. Her father at length mustered up his courage, and broke through this embarrassing silence.

'My dear, good Everard,' said he, 'I know not how to excuse my friends for telling me so many slanders of you, nor myself, for having been credulous enough to believe them. In truth there is but one person in the room whose lips are worthy to convey to you our apology—there, then, let them make it,' and with these words he placed the hand of the blushing Jessy in that of the willing Everard. And the latter acknowledged, while he pressed her to his bosom as his bride, that the apology was not only sufficient, but a reward in full for the sufferings which he had experienced through the vicissitudes of his whole past life.

INFANTILE ANECDOTE. 'Are Christy's Minstrels yet with you?' writes a Cincinnati correspondent. 'They are filling this world with their influence and giving a new tone to the next.—A lady in Mr. M——'s church has two fine little girls, the eldest quite a proficient in music, and the younger a mere child. The mother was moralizing with her children very devoutly the other day, in allusion to the death of a young associate of theirs. In the midst of the lecture, the elder said to the listening little one,

"Where do you think Nanny has gone?'

"Oh!' responded the tiny sentimentalist, with a most pious twang, '*she's gone where the good niggers go.*'

'That mother has concluded to sing something else than the fortuness sublunary and celestial, of 'Uncle Ned.' The family referred to above came from the staidest portion of New England. The first Sabbath after arriving in this great city of the West, where things often go on the free-and-easy scale, one of the young members inquired on her way through the hubbub to church,

"*Ma, havn't they got any Lord here?*"—*Knick.*

QUAKER PATRIOTISM.—A young man, the son of a wealthy and respectable Quaker of Pennsylvania, enlisted with Lieutenant McClay, recruiting officer at Trenton. The next day his father came to see him.

'Joseph,' said the gentleman, 'was thee sober when thee consented to take up carnal weapons?'

'Yes, sir, I was,' responded the son.

'Here is some money, Joseph,' rejoined the father, without moving a muscle of his hard features, 'and when thee gets on the field of battle, thou wilt bear in mind that Anthony Wayne was a Pennsylvanian, and that thou art my son.'

THE MOTHER OF THE DONKEYS.—An elderly woman was in the habit of taking the asses to town in Coimbra, for the sake of those who wished to use the milk. It is generally known that asses-milk is held in the highest estimation for its virtues in pulmonary complaints. It brings a high price—about eight times that of good cow's milk, even when donkeys are plenty. One day in passing the street unaccompanied by her usual train, she was met by a party of students who hailed her, 'Adeos! mother of the donkeys.' She replied with the most affectionate eagerness—'Adeos! my children.'

The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son 'that if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the *coat* of his stomach out.' 'Then, old woman,' replied the youth, 'let it work in its *shirt sleeves.*'

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Extract of a letter in the Washington Union, dated Georgetown, October 16:—

"It is unnecessary, I presume, to say to you, now that our State elections are over, that South Carolina, by her legislature, will in November cast her nine Electoral vote for Cass and Butler. This has for a length of time been a fixed fact.—I have received returns sufficient to authorise me to say that the Palmentto State is still in the front ranks of Democracy, and refuses to enlist under the banner of no party whig availibility. Her motto of "*measures, not men*," is still inscribed on her banner."

OHIO.—Here is one from Ohio, Oct. 15:—

"You will have seen before this reaches you, that we have covered ourselves with glory; that Ohio is safe for Cass and Butler by thousands upon thousands. You asked a short time ago, my opinion about Weller's election. Compare it now with the result. Whether he is elected or defeated by a few votes, I cannot tell just now. But have any of my predictions and promises failed within the last eighteen months?

Ohio and Pennsylvania are both safe enough on the Presidency. Now for the South—the whole South. Let us have the whole South.—The northwest will now be strong enough to be their effective allies.

The following is an extract from a letter, dated Cincinnati, Oct. 14, 1848, to a gentleman in Boston. The writer is one of the best informed democrats in Ohio, and his statements may be confidently relied upon—

"I can *assure* our friends abroad, that *no human event* is more certain than that the electoral vote of Ohio will be cast for Gen. Cass. I mean the remark in all the strength in which I make it.

No one, not perfectly familiar with the posture of our affairs, can appreciate the extent of our triumph. *Taylorism is so completely crushed in Ohio*, that its mangled remains give no evidence that they ever had any life. You can tell our friends that they need make *no more inquiries about Ohio*. The battle *has been fought and won*."

Ohio Legislature. On joint ballot the legislature will be divided as follows—Democrats 52, whigs 44, free soil 13.

NORTH CAROLINA—Our friends in North Carolina, too, are full of activity and full of hope. She wheeled into the Democratic line in 1836—casting her vote for the Democratic nominee for President. Clear the track for her in 1848.

TENNESSEE.—The star of democracy is rising and brightening in this battle-field. We hear of remarkable changes in Tennessee from the whig opposition to the republican banner of Cass and Butler. We hear of one particularly—of an ex-member of Congress—who has declared against the whigs because they declared against their country in the case of Texas and of the Mexican.

GEORGIA.—A correspondent from Mr. Lumpkin's district informs us, says the Union, that, in that district alone, they expect to muster 500 more democratic votes in November next. But the number polled in the State falls considerably short of the votes in October, 1847. The following article from the Milledgville, "Federal Union" of the 17th, explains the state of the game:

THE LATH ELECTIONS IN GEORGIA. These show that the State is democratic to the core.—The majority in the aggregate vote is small, but this can readily be accounted for. In the first place, the number of votes polled falls short several thousand of the number cast at the election in October, 1847. In the second place, in the 5th and 6th districts where the democrats have overwhelming majorities, confident of success, they did not turn out in their strength; and in the 7th and 8th districts, where they are in a hopeless minority, aware that they could effect nothing, no stimulant existed to bring them to the polls. In the 2d district, confiding in their strength, the democrats did not put forth their energies. In this and the 3d districts, we have assurances from various quarters, that the democracy will largely increase their vote in November.

Father Ritchie, of the Union, at the close of these spirit-stiring letters, says:

Courage friends! We shall carry Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and Virginia, and in all probability North Carolina and Tennessee, besides the other democratic States which will marshal to the banner on the 7th of November. *But at the same time let energy and action be our watchwords.*

MARK THE SLANDERERS.

The editor of the Kennebec Journal, villifies better men than himself, in the following coarse and brutal terms:

'John B. Weller, the locofoco candidate for Governor of Ohio, and for whom a considerable portion of the Van Buren free soil party in Ohio voted, is a man of the same school as Senator Allen, but with less talent, less dignity, a sort of locofoco rowdy. Like Allen, he is a brawling demagogue, but keeps lower company. Both are thorough dough faces and serviles so far as slavery is concerned.'

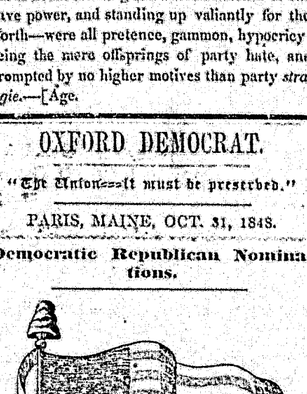
'*Dough-faces!*'—'*Servility to slavery*'—Indeed!—We have heard enough of this sort of hypocritical cant from Northern federalism. A party which nominated a *slave holder* and a SLAVE MONGER for President, at the dictation of the *SLAVE* POWER—which, at its National Convention last June, kicked the anti-slavery proviso, with hisses and contempt, out of doors—which had the power to nominate a man for the Presidency embracing their *professed* doctrines on the subject of slavery-extension, but which refused to do so, and nominated instead a man THOROUGHLY IMBEDDED IN THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY, and who (as was perfectly well known at the time) was bound to the car of slavery both by inclination and interest, and would, if elected, exert his utmost power to defeat the free territory movement—such a party, guilty of such hypocrisy and rascality, ought to blush at the very mention of the subject of 'free territory'! 'Dough-faces' and 'serviles' to the slave power as Northern federalists have shown themselves to be, they ought at least to have the grace to keep silence upon a subject the very mention of which brings up vividly before the mind a recollection of their degradation and infamy. Federalism has done more in this single campaign to turn back the tide of the free territory principle, than it has ever done or ever can do to advance it.—It has shown to the North, the South, and the world, that all its opposition to the annexation of Texas on account of slavery—all its talk against slavery and slavery extension—all its bold words about resisting the encroachments of the slave power, and standing up valiantly for the North—were all pretence, gammon, hypocricy; being the mere offsprings of party hate, and prompted by no higher motives than party *strategie*.—[Age.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 31, 1848.

Democratic Republican Nominations.



ELECTION,.....TUESDAY, NOV. 7.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. LEWIS CASS,

OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

GEN. WILLIAM O. BUTLER,

OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTORS.

HUGH J. ANDERSON, *of Belfast.*
RUFUS McINTIRE, *of Parsonsfield.*
EDWARD L. OSGOOD, *of Fryeburg.*
THOMAS D. ROBINSON, *of Bath.*
OLIVER L. SANBORN, *of Portland.*
ANDREW MASTERS, *of Hallowell.*
ASA CLARK, *of Norridgewock.*
DAVID R. STRAW, *of Guilford.*
ARNO WISWELL, *of Ellsworth.*

A few months since the whigs seemed to have a strong sympathy for the Barn-burner movement, and favored the Buffalo Convention with its platform; but having done their best to draw off democrats to the Van Buren faction, they all at once abandon it, and never was there more bitterness existed between two parties than between the whigs and the mis-called "free-soil" party. Horace Greely gives the signal, comes out for General Taylor, and represents him, and the whigs of the South generally, as opposed to the extension of slavery—a story for Northern consumption—whereupon the call is made from every whig print, for all who would prefer Gen. Taylor to Gen. Cass, to return to the whig ranks and not throw away their vote on Van Buren, and the call will generally be obeyed.

The same principle of reasoning is applicable to the true free soil democrats. Do you prefer the principles that have ever been entertained by the democratic party, and the great leading measures which have ever secured prosperity to our country, and Gen. Cass, the true exponent of Jeffersonian democracy, to Gen. Taylor, pledged not to veto any Bills Congress may pass, and of course to be a mere tool in the hands of federalists—then do not throw away your vote on Van Buren. Vote for Gen. Cass and you have the question of free territory Constitutionally settled, to the satisfaction of both the North and the South. All sectional jealousies will be removed, and the parties that would create jealousies and divisions between the North and the South, so disastrous to the best interests of the people of this Union, will be lost in disgrace.—Vote for Gen. Cass, and you have free soil, free labor, and an equal and just proportion of the products of the same, instead of Slavery, Banks, High Tariff, and capital against labor. Would you wish to retain the territory we have acquired, to be settled by millions of free laborers, then vote for Gen. Cass, instead of Gen. Taylor, whose supporters would cede it all back to Mexico, if in their power. They have always opposed the acquisition of territory however valuable to the interests and prosperity of this country, because it would lessen their chance for power and oppression. But notwithstanding the opposition made to its acquisition, what friend to his country would now wish to see any of the territory we have acquired fall into the hands of its original owners.

The Norway Advertiser, a professed neutral paper (?) in speaking of the discussion between the Democrats and the "Free Soil" Speakers, on the evening of the 25th, says,—"While the Democrats claim to have kept up their end of the yoke, they acknowledge they gained no advantage." We are authorized to say that the Democrats acknowledged no such thing. On the contrary, it was generally conceded by those present, that the Democrats had most triumphantly refuted all the arguments of the Free Soil, and the Junior Editor of the Advertiser himself acknowledged "they were floored." Stick to your neutrality neighbor, and the truth also.

Are you all ready?

What a grand and glorious scene it will be to see every democrat, in every school district, in every State, in this vast Republic, marching up to the Polls on the seventh of November, to deposite his vote in favor of *universal freedom and* THE UNION *and best interests of all the States.* What democrat will not be proud of his vote on that day. What democrat advanced in years will not rejoice in the opportunity of exercising his right of suffrage, perhaps for the last time, in so glorious a cause? What democrat in the vigor of manhood engaged in the busy scenes of life, will not glory in the privilege of assembling around his country's altar, and there offering his vote in favor of humanity, independent of all minor considerations, compared to this all-important subject? Let, then, our own petty interests be forgotten and our country's only be remembered. Her's be the honor and the glory—the good of all—the prosperity of all—be these our noble objects! In this important crisis take courage—fear not—assume the responsibility of promoting the general good—the fame, the glory, the grandeur of this State, of THE UNION. Do this, and the day will come when you will look back upon your vote on the coming election with all the patriot's pride—self-congratulation. Your very votes will be a legacy to your children. A benefitted posterity will vent their gratitude upon your very children, should you have passed into the vortex of time.

To the talented, democratic young men of our country, and especially those who are perhaps to vote for the first time, we ardently appeal.—Your success in every thing depends much upon how you first start. Will you not then delight to follow the examples of your fathers?—If you would render your State and country an inestimable service, here is an opportunity.—"Now is the time." And if fame be your object, here is the occasion to gratify your highest aspirations; you need not step aside for the requirements of potriotism and of duty, to worship for a moment at the shrine of ambition. Let the good of your country, the success of Democracy, be *your motive*, and you will secure a fame that is imperishable. Democracy,—the poet's immortality is nothing to this. The tones of the orator may be spent in an evanescent tradition. The laurels of the hero may wither. The name of our beloved Washington may be forgotten in an inglorious degeneracy—the pillars of the Union itself may tumble into ruins, but the true principles of Democracy shall ever endure.—Now, contemplate the rich glories of our country. Behold its present prosperity in the hands of Democracy. See a bright and cloudless day bursting upon her, enlivening her *every* section, and spreading life, vigor, and freedom over her realm. Picture to yourselves these glowing scenes—and bearing in mind that *your* votes may be the source of their increase and *perpetuity*, manfully give your vote for CASS and THE UNION.

All acquainted with the history of the past, know very well that there has ever been a struggle between the two great dealers in the market of the world, viz: Capital and Labor—and that the federalists in this county have ever been in favor of Capital—never in favor of Labor—have favored partial, unequal, unjust laws, depriving the masses of the true value of their labor, endeavoring to depress its prices, and grind the many to feed the few. While the democratic party has ever endeavored to raise the price of labor, opposed the power of wealth in the hands of the *few*, designed to keep down the laboring classes—and favored laws equal, equitable and impartial—for the benefit and protection of the masses, the great whole for which society is composed. The motto of the democratic party is—What is for the true interest of *one*, is for the interest of *all*—and what is for the interest of *all*, is for the interest of *every* individual. This being generally understood, the people of this Republic have generally entrusted the administration of its Government in the hands of Democrats, and who does not know that it has prospered beyond precedent. Look at the present prosperous condition of our country. Labor, except where opposed by Capital, commanding a fair compensation. Agricultural products of every description bearing readily the highest price, and those engaged in Commerce and Manufactures, doing a lucrative business. Was it ever so prosperous under whig rule? No one will pretend it. What then are we to gain by a change from a democratic to a federal administration, especially as the latter is to be by a man with Southern feelings, pledged to Southern interests, instead of a man from a free State, pledged to no section, but bound to the interest of the whole Union? What should we gain by the success of the Van Buren Northern party; and a separation of the North from the South? We should gain a successful war of Capital against Labor. The federalists would rule, and the laborer would become virtually a slave, receiving little more for his labor than does the slave of the South. What then has the democratic laborer, farmer, or mechanic to gain by a change? What have they ever gained by federal rule? Let us throw our vote for a man who has ever been the friend of the laborer, against those who *labor only to collect that which others have earned*—a man who is pledged to maintain our cause at all risks and at every hazzard. If we are united, our strength is well nigh omnipotent, controlling and uncontrollable. Let our opposers form factions and take any name they please, it is all one to us so that we are *united*. They will seek to divide us by some petty jealousy—because they know that divide and ruin is the only policy that will overthrow us. We must bind ourselves together by the strongest of all bands—that of self-preservation. We have all one common cause—one common name—one common interest—the interest of Labor—the interest of honest industry. Keep this one single object in view—no longer at election throw the rope over the roof of the house, and pull at each end, but all pull one way; give one steady "yo heave yeo,"—the long—strong—and the pull-altogether, and the mass of human wrong, inequality, and oppression will be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and the fate of Sampson will be the fate of all that oppose us; they will be buried in the ruins to rise no more forever.

We must not be satisfied with a bare majority for CASS and BUTLER, but the victory must be so triumphant as to destroy all hope in the opposition of future success.

Look out for the Van Buren lecturers now scouring the county. Attend their meetings, and let some competent democrat reply. Five minutes will be sufficient time to set all things right. The burden of their speeches will be, that the democratic party misused Van Buren at the Baltimore Convention; that Gen. Cass has changed his opinions relative to the Wilmot Proviso; that he is pledged to favor Southern interests against the North; and that he is also pledged to veto the Wilmot Proviso Bill—all of which is false, and these lecturers know it.—Their whole aim is to defeat Cass, and aid the feds in the election of Taylor. Hence their efforts to destroy the organization and usages of the democratic party. They are constantly harping about office-holders and office-seekers—a substitute for all argument—but few men have received more offices, or labor harder to obtain them, than they themselves. Many of the Van Buren men may be readily known by their symptoms of hydrophobia—the pure *water* of democracy gives them "fits." They are not the friends of "free-soil," because the settlement of that question would put an end to their faction at once. We sincerely desire their political salvation, but our faith—alas, we have none "within us."

THE FATE OF THE VAN BUREN FACTION.—Some of its members, who are honest, but have been deceived, will return to their former democratic principles; but generally they will go back to the federal party, where they originally belonged, either before or after they professed to be democrats. Hence it is, that federalists always encourage factions, hoping thereby to create divisions in the democratic ranks. So with neutral papers. They generally end in federalism, and, as a matter of course, receive a large share of its patronage. Almost every mail brings accounts of neutral papers raising the Van Buren flag: a fine stepping stone *down* to federalism; a combination of all the factions that have existed since the Tories of '76.

Thanksgiving day happens just the right time—the 16th of Nov.—this year. Just about the time we shall have received sufficient returns to assure us of the election of Gen. Cass. The democracy of this State will have more to be thankful for this year than any year since we became an independent State. And the whigs on that day, can read the Book of Lamentations, and mourn over the downfall of their hero, for whose destruction they so ardently prayed in 1847.

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING AT OXFORD. The Mass meeting of the Democrats at Oxford on the 25th, was very fully attended, and the meeting was addressed by Col. Andrews of this town, and E. Gerry, Esq., of Waterford, in a very happy and effective manner. The best anticipations animated all present, and the meeting broke up at a late hour with a full determination, manifested by all present, to do their duty at the Polls on Tuesday next.

☞ Will our friends in the different towns in this county take a little pains to forward us early and correct returns of the vote.

THE WAY THEY DID IT.

Some idea of the manner in which the Federalists carried the the late election in this State, may be gleaned from some facts related to us a day or two since, by a friend of the most reliable character. He says that on the election day, several of the officers of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, in our sister county of Carbon, were seen leading whole squads of workmen employed by the Company, up to the polls, with tickets in their hands, and almost compelled these poor laborers to deposit just such tickets as their lordships chose to select for them. Not content with creating a political panic, by the suspension of their works a few days before the election, these petty tyrants, or rather as Mike Walsh would call them—these Cod-fish aristocrats, must needs watch the polls with eagle eyes, and lest a poor man should follow the bent of his own inclination and vote for a democrat, he must be led up to the polls like cattle to the slaughter! What a commentary upon the freedom of the nineteenth century! And what a beautiful illustration of Federal love for the poor man and the unrestricted right of suffrage.

Poor men, citizens of Lehigh, Carbon, Bucks, Nottingham and Monroe, we ask you to look at these things, and then say whether you can ever vote with a party whose leaders thus insult you—who would add the pangs of slavery to those of poverty and who would thus deprive you of the free exercise of the most inestimable right of free-men? Lehigh Democrat.

WHO WOULD HAVE BELIEVED,

That in the year 1848, Henry Clay would not endorse a whig nomination for President?

That Daniel Webster should declare it "unfit to be made."

That John M. Betts should openly denounce it as having been affected by fraud and corruption.

Who would have believed in 1844, that in four years the whig party would be supporting for the presidency the Zachary Taylor who advised the hunting of the Florida Indians with bloodhounds? Who should advise the march to the Rio Grand which was to commence an "unconstitutional and unnecessary war?"

Who in 1847 should profess his ignorance of a bank—"never having investigated the subject!"

Who at the same time had not inquired into the justice of the war, which the whig party had denounced as "unjustifiable," and "criminal."

Who had never cast a vote in his life, and whose only declared principle was "not to give his opinion upon any political question."

And who would have believed that this party would after all this, have the impudence to boast of his honesty? New Haven Register.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That the present contest for the Presidency, is emphatically between old and well tried democracy on the one hand, and blue light Federalism on the other—the former striving for the equallity and exaltation of man, and the latter for the depression of the laboring classes.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That Gen. Taylor is to be supported by the unscrupulous office seekers of the old Federal party, who support him for the sake of the loaves and fishes, without regard to his political opinions, or without knowing whether he ever had an opinion of his own upon any political subject whatever—and in the face and eyes of his own admission, that his opinions are no sort of consequence!

KEEP IT BEEORE THE PEOPLE,
That Gen. Taylor is the candidate of factions, and is not pledged to the one term principle, as Gen. Cass did pledge himself in its letter to the Baltimore Convention.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That the federal party mean to have a bank, a protective tariff, and a general system of internal improvements, amounting to millions of dollars, if they can, if Taylor is elected; as he has surrendered the veto power in toto.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That the federal party are in favor of distributing the proceeds of the public lands among the States, thus in effect assuming the debts of the speculators in State scrip.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That Taylor goes for the corrupting schemes of Henry Clay, and says that he should be glad to have had the privilege of voting for Clay in 1844, thus establishing the policy of the Federal party in all its deformity.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That Taylor desired the importation of bloodhounds during the Florada war.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That Taylor is an extensive slave holder, and has no sympathy for the non slaveholding states who, Mr. Benton says, are entitled to the Presidency for years to come.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That the scenes of 1840—proscription and extravagance will characterize the government if Taylor be elected.

KEEP IT BEEORE THE PEOPLE,
That Henry Clay has not consented to support Taylor—that he and Daniel Webster repudiate the nomination as cheating the people on the score of supposed availability.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That the federal party are split up in factions, and prefer men to principles rather than principles to men.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That Gen. Taylor is opposed to the veto power, sanctioned by the fathers of the Constitution of the United States, and existing in every State Constitution in the Union.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
That the Democratic party were never stronger than now; that they have a superior man in their candidate, and that they mean to elect him by carrying a majority of the thirty States in the November election. Argus.

"DEMOCRATS, STAND BY YOUR PRINCIPLES."

The Salem Advertiser of the 14th, contains an excellent article under this head, which is not only applicable to the democracy of Massachusetts, but to the democracy of the whole country—we commend, particularly to the observation of the democrats of VERMONT, the following extracts:—

"In three weeks the people of this mighty nation will be called upon to give their suffrages for a President and Vice President of the United States. We have every confidence that the democracy will be successful in electing the pure patriot and honest man, LEWIS CASS. But in order to do this, we must put forth our whole strength. All who are in favor of perpetuating republican institutions, of sustaining our glorious constitution, of preserving the general government in its pristine vigor, must be up and doing. Let no one who has ever acted with the democratic party from principle, be led off by any side issues. Let not the syren song of 'free soil' decoy any or carry off any who believe in the democratic principles as taught by the apostle of liberty, Tomas Jefferson.

Gen. CASS has been selected as the standard bearer in the coming contest; let us rally around him. If elected, we shall find him true to all the principles of the democratic party. In days of doubt, trials and darkness, we shall always find him the man upon whom the people may rely in safety. The accusation which is brought by the enemies of Gen. CASS, that he is in favor of extending slavery to territory now free, is a libel founded upon falsehood and malignity. He holds to the opinion that slavery cannot exist where there is no positive law to uphold it, it not being necessary that it should be forbidden.

This new issue which has been thrust into this contest, is a device of party leaders to effect personal objects or gratify personal resentments; its tendencies are aimed at the integrity and strength of the democratic party, and hostile to the best interests of the country. We hope no sincere democrat will be misled by false cries of the designing, or disappointed men separate themselves from the democracy of the nation.—We ask them to pause and return to their old principles and fellowship."

THE DIFFERENCE. When Lewis Cass was nominated for President he directly resigned his seat in the U. States Senate and retired to his home in Michigan. He has written but a single letter for publication bearing on the question of the Presidency, and that one was to accept the honor of bearing the standard of the national democracy.

Gen. Taylor when nominated for the same office was a Major General in the U. States Army, but he has not resigned his commission up to this day. The number of the letters that he has written relating to the Presidency we shall not attempt to enumerate.

Mark the difference between the two men.—The one resigns a high office, takes no active part in the contest with his rival, and in the seclusion of his home calmly awaits the decision of the American people in regard to himself.—The other holds on to the office in his possession and acts a conspicuous part to obtain another in the Presidential contest.

LOOK AT HOME.—The democracy of other States must fight their own battles, and will take care of themselves, and the democracy of Maine must do the same. Instead of turning our eyes abroad and speculating as to how this or that State stands and is likely to vote, let us now LOOK AT HOME, and not neglect *our* duty to the democratic cause, to ourselves and to our country. We have an enemy *right among us*, and an enemy determined to defeat us, too.—We shall not obtain the victory unless we fight for it, and we cannot fight a good battle unless we prepere beforehand for the contest. Then make ready for the 7th, and begin TO-DAY. Democrats of Maine, LOOK AT HOME.

The whig orators here in New England, for two or three years past, have frequently represented that Southern slaveholders can cast three votes for every five slaves they own. On this principle, if Gen. Taylor goes for himself, as the owner of 300 slaves, he will cast *one hundred and eighty votes* for Zachary Taylor! Those whigs who claim Louisiana for Taylor, probably rely on General Taylor voting for himself. General Cass having the misfortune to reside in a free state, on the other hand, should he vote for himself, can only cast a single vote. [N. H. Gazette.

FATAL ADMISSIONS.—The incapacity of the federal candidate for the Presidency, has been repeatedly admitted by himself!

His inexperience has also been time and again admitted by himself.

Mr Webster admits that Taylor is a mere soldier, and has had no training in civil affairs.

Mr Crittenden admits that Taylor never voted.

Mr Greely admits that Taylor is ashamed of whig principles.

All the whigs admit that Taylor was first nominated by the nativists.

Mr Botts admits that Taylor is for adding more territory to the Union.

Willis Hall and Dudley Selden, admit that Taylor was nominated by fraud!

And yet the people are asked to vote for this candidate as President! [Argus.

CONSISTENT—VERY. Gen. Cass, if some of the federal papers are to be believed, is a most terrible blood-thirsty man, who is seeking for the presidency merely to the purpose of gratifying his bellicose propensities and to satisfy his thirst for conquest! And yet a few weeks since, when that rich manufacturer, Abbott Lawrence of Boston, was sent upon an electioneering tour among the Green mountain boys, he told them in a speech at Burlington, Vermont, that Gen. Cass was a very timid man, having a great horror of war, and who trembled very much at the time there was some prospect of a rupture with France during the administration of Gen. Jackson—Perhaps it occurred to the electioneering millionaire, that as the sons of the sires who fought at Bennington and Plattsburg were naturally averse to cravens, he could not better accomplish his mission than by representing the distinguished native of the Granite State as *a very timid man*"—Union.

NEW YORK POLICE—FRAILTY. A few weeks ago, three thousand five hundred dollars were stolen from on board one of the Norwich boats, and yesterday a colored man named Bob Moore was taken into custody by Capt. Magnes, on suspicion of being the thief. A conversation was overheard in relation to the affair, which was communicated to the captain in an anonymous letter, and he thereupon arrested Moore, who is well known to the police. In the same room with him was found a very interesting looking girl, about eighteen years old, who was also brought to the police office. On being questioned as to how she happened to be in the same room with the colored man, she, after some hesitation, gave the following account of herself.—She said that she is a native of Vermont, and having quarrelled with her father, in order to vex him she ran away with a colored seaman, named Hutchinson, to Boston, where she was married to him. In a few days after her marriage, Hutchinson abandoned her, and went to sea, having first introduced her to Moore, the colored man in whose company she was found, and finding herself entirely destitute, she descended another step in degradation, and came to this city with him as his mistress. She refused to tell her maiden name, or in what part of Vermont her friends reside. There was nothing to show that she or the colored man were concerned in the robbery, but they were locked up for further examination.—[Evening Post.

☞ The news from Ireland is of painful interest. Smith O'Brine, that noble hearted Irish Patriot, has been sentenced to death! and with British brutality to be drawn and quartered.—They will not dare to do it. His murder would kindle a flame which might topple these tyrants down.

A bill has passed the senate of Vermont making plurality elect electors of President, &c.

BRIGHTON MARKET,

[Reported for the Boston Journal.]

THURSDAY, OCT. 26.

At market during the week, 126 Beef Cattle, 1480 Stores, 6500 Sheep and Lambs, 3200 Swine.

Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote extra $6 25; first quality, $5 75 to $6—second quality, $5 to $5 50—third quality, $4 to $4 75.

Stores—Yearling Heifers, 6 to $8—2 years old, $10 to $14—3 years old, 17 to $22—yearling Steers $6 to $9—2 years 10 to $14—3 years old, 35 to $55.

Sheep—$1 to $2 25, as in quality, and Lambs at 75c to $1 75 each.

Swine—Old fat Hogs at 4 1-2c—Ohio at 4 to 4 1-4c—lean Ohio Hogs 3 to 4c—New York Hogs 4 to 4 1-4c.

MARRIAGES.

In this town on the 29th inst. by Rev. C. B. Davis, Mr. George W. Stevens to Miss Submit K. Shurtleff, both of this town.

In Stonington Con. on Tuesday, the 17th by Rev. C. W. Blake, Mr. George F. Whitcomb, of Boston, to Miss Chalotte A. Bessey of Lowell Daughter of Dec. Warren Bessey formerly of this town.

In Lovell on the 16th inst. by S. Heald, Esq., Mr. Hazen B. Elliott, to Miss Eunice B. Gary.

DEATHS.

In West Sumner, 24th inst., Reuben Chandler, Jr., aged about 25 years.

Few young men have gone from the parental roof with brighter prospects, or fewer enemies than the deceased. Having received a good common school education, he was prepared to transact business with promptness and dispatch, and bid fair to make a useful member of society; but in the midst of youthful vigor he was removed by death.

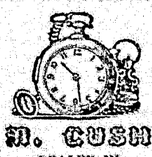
In Sept. 1847, he was taken with bleeding at the lungs, which prostrated him, but by medical aid of a skillful physician he was partially restored to health. But, again in Aug. 1848, he was attacked with the same disease, and in the course of four weeks raised over two quarts of blood, which terminated in a consumption, and ended his earthly career.

Although he suffered much from a severe cough, and shortness of breath, yet he was not known to murmur at his lot, or to find fault with the hand that afflicted him, but suffered all with the greatest patience and fortitude.

At the commencement of his sickness, he was strongly attached to life, and was very desirous of regaining his health, but as his weakness increased, he became satisfied that he could not recover, and was willing to resign all into the hands of that God who gave him life. He has left a large circle of friends to mourn his loss, being endeared to all who knew him.—Comm.

In this town, 23d inst. Mr. John Cooper Jr. aged 24.

RE-FITTED, RE-FURNISHED, AND RE-FILLED.



WM. M. CUSHMAN,

—DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry and Fancy Goods,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

MAINE STREET, NORWAY.

HAVING fitted up and painted and otherwise improved his jewelry store, has received an assortment of fashionable and elegant

New Goods,

which added to his former stock makes as an

EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT

as can be found in the State, all of which has been bought exceedingly low, and will sell

CHEAP, CHEAPER, CHEAPEST!

He invites attention to the following, which in part compose his stock:

GOLD AND SILVER, L'EPINE AND COMMON

WATCHES,

—A large assortment of—

FINGER RINGS, BREAST PINS, GOLD GUARD AND FOB CHAINS, WATCH KEYS AND SEALS, BRACELETS AND BRACELET CLASPS, GOLD PENS, GOLD AND SILVER PENCILS, LOCKETS, &c., &c.,

—together with every variety of fine—

JEWELRY GOODS!

BRASS AND WOODEN CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, KNIVES, SCISSORS, BEADS, COMBS, WALLETS, FLOWER VASES, CORAL NECKLACES, CARD CASES, WORK CASES, SILVER SPOONS, BUTTER KNIVES,

and an endless variety of tasteful and beautiful

FANCY GOODS!

He also keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of FLUID LAMPS, some very beautiful patterns. Also CAMPHENE and Camphene Lamps,—Burning Fluid. He respectfully solicits the public patronage in proportion to the goodness and cheapness of his goods, assuring the public that he will sell at Boston prices.

WATCHING.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry cleansed and repaired, and warranted.

Norway Village, Oct. 30, 1848. tf 26

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Partnership lately subsisting between Ebenezer B. Humphrey and Alfred W. Stearns, both of Paris, under the firm of

HUMPHREY & STEARNS,

was dissolved on the 20th day of October, 1848, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said Ebenezer B. Humphrey, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

EBENEZER B. HUMPHREY.
ALFRED W. STEARNS.

26

TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL GREEN, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST.

THIS may certify, that at the request of the American Agent of Bucan's Hungarian Balsam, I have analyzed, as well as I was able, a bottle of that celebrated medicine, and find it composed of 15 distinct ingredients, each of which, taken separately, is calculated to have a very happy effect upon the Pulmonary Organs, and in combination they are unsurpassed, I think, by any medication of the kind that I have ever examined. One ingredient—which forms at least half the Balsam—is an aromatic, resinous, gum, of a kind heretofore unknown to me, and unknown, I believe, to the medical profession in the United States. What its effect may be in cases of seated consumption, I cannot confidently predict from a mere examination of its properties by chemical tests, but I should think it would be beneficial in the highest degree. The best test of the medicine however, must be the experience of the afflicted themselves.

Respectfully yours,
SAMUEL GREEN.

Boston, Aug. 14, 1848.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. K. Hammond, the only agent in Paris.

Oct. 30, 1848. 4w26—opDFBB

IRON FOUNDRY,

AND

STOVE WORKS,

STEEP FALLS, NORWAY, MAINE,

BROWN & Co., Proprietors.

New Store! New Stock!!

FALL FASHIONS!

BECKETT & INGRAHAM,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 106 1-2

Middle, Corner of Plumb Street,

Nearly opposite the Casco House,

HAVE just received from New York and Boston, an EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT of

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS,

of the most recent German, French, English and American manufacture, comprising all the styles of Goods for Gentlemen's wear, now in fashion.

They would particularly call attention to their stock of

FANCY PANTALOON AND VEST GOODS

which they believe equal to any ever brought to this market—all of which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

B. & I. are in the constant receipt of the Paris, London, and New York Fashions—and are ready to wait upon their friends and the public, in the line of their profession, at their *New Sales Rooms*, 106 1-2 Middle Street, where they are respectfully invited to favor them with a call.

Portland, Oct. 10, 1848. 3m23

PREPARE FOR WINTER!!

PETER B. FROST,

Fashionable Tailor,

Norway Village,

RESPECTFULLY tenders his thanks to friends and customers for their patronge heretofore, and would inform them that he may still be found at his old Stand, over the Store of A. C. Denison, where he is ready to attend to all their wants in the CLOTHING LINE, with promptness and on terms that cannot fail to be satisfactory. He employs none but experienced and faithful help, and *warrants* all work done in his establishment to be finished in the best style, and at short notice.

He has just received from Boston and N. York the

Fall and Winter Fashions,

and will furnish any style of garment his customers may require.

A good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satins, Vestings, and a great variety of Cloths and Tailors' Trimmings, of good quality and afforded at the lowest prices, constantly on hand.

Cutting done to order at short notice.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Four or five apprentice Girls.

Oct. 10, 1848. tf 23

T. H. KELLEY,

TAILOR,

NORWAY VILLAGE,

WOULD remind his friends, customers, and the public generally, that he may be found at all business hours at his Shop, over the Store of E. C. Shackley, in readiness to furnish them with any kind of Garment they may wish on the most reasonable terms.

He has just received from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, the

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS,

and will be most happy to get up any style of Garment the taste of his customers may demand.

He keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satins, Vestings, Trimmings, &c. &c.

All work done in a faithful manner and warranted.

Cutting done to order at short notice.

Oct. 6, 1848. tf 23

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

Farmers Attend!!

THE attention of Farmers is particularly invited to the system of the Washington County Insurance Company where they insure on their HOUSES, BARNS, HAY, GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, &c., at much less expense, and on more favorable conditions than with any other company now existing, the system differing from any other.—It has hitherto cost compartively nothing, and in all probability will cost little or nothing to insure with this Company for years to come. It now has about 35,000 members, and is issuing at the present time at the rate of 20,000 Policies per annum, principally on FARM PROPERTY. No property in blocks or exposed parts of villages, Mills, Shops, or other property considered hazardous, is insured in this Company.

Those erecting new buildings, or whose Policies with other Companies are about expiring, and all others, will find it for their interest to call on the subscriber.

W. D. LITTLE, *General Agent,*
No. 28, Exchange Street, Portland.

Or TIMOTHY LUDDEN, Esq., Turner Village, J. S. KEITH, Esq., Oxford, (Craigie's Mills,) MARSHALL FRENCH, Esq., Lewiston.

Applications by mail, post paid, promptly attended to. is3m24 Oct. 17.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, John C. Merrill, of Andover in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, on the twenty-eighth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, by his deed of mortgage of that date, conveyed to me, David G. Merrill, of Andover, aforesaid, a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said Andover, being one half of upland lot numbered nineteen, in the first division, west side of Ellis River. Reference being had to said deed, recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Oxford County, Book 71, page 74, for a more particular description, and the conditions therein named. And as the condition of said Mortgage has been broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same.

DAVID G MERRILL.

Dated at Andover, July 4th, 1848. 24

CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING,

THE South Paris Manufacturing Co. would respectfully give notice that they are fitting up a

CUSTOM CARDING MACHINE,

and will be prepared to receive Wool for Carding on Monday, the 5th of June next.

They have purchased new Cards, and are putting their Machines in the best of order. *Perfect satisfaction* will be WARRANTED to those who may favor them with a call. Particular attention will be paid to

CLOTH DRESSING.

From the superiority of their finishing apparatus, and the experience of their *help*, they feel assured that they will be enabled to finish Cloths in better style than can be done elsewhere.

Wool will be received in exchange for work.

Cloths received and returned to the following places, free of expense, viz:

Dennis Moore's, Jewell; H. C. Buswell, Fryeburg; A. Grover, Bethel Hill; Lovejoy & French, Albany; John Holt, Waterford; A. M. Nelson, Bridgton; O. C. Bolster, Rumford; J. F. Howe, Sumner.

WM. DEERING, Agent.

South Paris, May 20, 1848. 1y 6

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

FREEMAN KEEN, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Tubal Keen, late of Sumner in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

It was Ordered, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

25 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

CHARLES R. LOCKE, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Samuel B. Locke, late of Bethel in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,—

It was Ordered, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

25 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight—

JOHN HUNT, Administrator of the estate of William M. Walker, late of Bradford in the State of Massachusetts, deceased, having presented his first account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,—

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

24 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

THE Administrator on the estate of Barnus Jones, late of Turner in said county, deceased, having presented the Report of the Commissioners appointed to set out the Widow's Dower out of the real estate of said deceased; and also a Report of the Commissioners appointed to make a division among the heirs of said deceased, of said real estate:

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed and accepted.

25 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

ON the Petition of FARNUM ABBOTT, Administrator of the estate of James F. Abbott, late of Andover in said county, deceased, praying for License to sell all of the real estate of said deceased, as a partial sale thereof would greatly injure the residue, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, expenses of administration and incidental charges:

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed and granted.

25 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

LYDIA BRYANT, former Administratrix of the estate of Zebulon Bryant, late of Greenwood in said county, deceased, having presented her first account of her administration of the estate of said deceased,—

It was Ordered, that the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

25 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty eight.

ON the Petition of Mary Ethridge, Administratrix of the estate of Nathaniel Ethridge, late of Bethel in said county, deceased, praying that Commissioners may be appointed to set out her Dower out of the real estate of said deceased,

It was Ordered, that the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

25 GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

ON the Petition of Cordelia Cushman, Widow of Levi Cushman, late of Buckfield in said county, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal property of her late husband,—

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

A true Copy—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the Estate—not already administered upon—of

ZEBULON BRYANT, late of Greenwood, in said County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

ISAAC MANN.

Greenwood, Oct. 17, 1848. 26

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of License of the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public Vendue on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of November next at ten o'clock A. M., at the Inn of Wm Childs, in Livermore in said County, so much of the Real Estate of

JOHN LEAVITT,

late of said Livermore, deceased, as will produce the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration, and incidental charges.

Said Real Estate consists of the following parcels, situated in Livermore, aforesaid, viz:

One parcel on the West side of the Androscoggin river, part of Lot Eighty-five, containing three acres purchased of Isaac Noyes.

One parcel, called the Hosley Lot, containing ten acres, and purchased of John Hosley.

One parcel, being the Northerly half of the Lot purchased by the deceased of Samuel Bradford, lying in that part of Livermore formerly called Chandler's Gore, containing about thirty acres.

Also the following parcels lying in Hartford in said County, viz: One undivided half of thirty acre parcel purchased of Rufus Delano, it being owned in common with John Thorn.

Also a parcel consisting of one and a half acre purchased of Jonathan Soule, and part of a Gore Lot in the twelfth Range.

Also one undivided half of seventeen acres and seventy-seven square rods, part of Lot numbered twelve in the tenth Range in Hartford, and the same which was set off to the deceased and Wm. H. Bretton on Execution against Eli Hathaway, Jr.

Also, Pew No. 46 in the Universalist Meeting House in Livermore. Also, one half of Pew No. 6 in said House and the reversion of the Widow's dower in the other half.

Terms of sale made known at the time of sale.

STEPHEN LEAVITT, } Administrator on
Livermore, Oct, 17, 1848. } said Estate. 25

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

HENRY H. PACKARD, late of Woodstock,

in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate ot make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

JONATHAN COLE.

Woodstock, Oct. 17, 1848. 25

To the Honorable County Commissioners within and for the County of Oxford, in the State of Maine, at the Court to be holden at Paris, within and for the said County of Oxford, in September next.

WE, the undersigned, inhabitants of the County of Oxford, beg leave to represent that the public convenience and accommodation require an alteration in the County road leading from Rumford to Paris through North Woodstock, commencing at the hill near Wm. Chamberlain's dwelling house, and straiten to Ransom Dunham's dwelling house, and thence crossing the old county road between his house and barn and thence straiten to Jonathan Cole's or near his house, and ending at the new county road near Joseph Whitman's in said town. The old road being very crooked and hilly so to discommode the public much, and while the contemplated new route will straiten the distance, it is believed that it will be found comparatively level and free from hills. And if your Honorable body should deem it expedient, we therefore pray that you should proceed to view and locate a part or the whole, as soon as may be after a due course of law be taken on the same. And discontinue all such part of said old county road as shall in your opinion be expedient.

WM. GALLISON and 21 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twelfth day of October, by adjournment from the Sept. Term 1848.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at Ransom Dunham's, in said Woodstock, on the fifth day of December next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, and by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Woodstock, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Woodstock, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications, and each of the other notices, to be made, served and posted, at last, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Attest: CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

25 Attest: CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

LOST,

ON Friday last, somewhere between Elder Dunham's, in Woodstock, and Peru, a green travelling bag, containing, among other things, a Latin grammar, with the name of the owner within the book. Any one finding it can easily ascertain to whom it belongs, as there was no lock upon it; and the finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at this office, or at the inn of G. G. Waterhouse

Paris, Oct. 21.

To the Hon. Court of County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned in behalf and by direction of the Inhabitants of the town of Brownfield, at a legal meeting held by the qualified voters in said town on the eleventh day of September last, would respectfully represent that the public interest would be promoted by the location of a highway commencing at Fryeburg Village and running from thence by or near the dwelling house of James M. Harmon, in Brownfield, to Brownfield Centre. We therefore request that you examine said route as soon as convenient, and locate said highway if in your opinion the public good requires it. And as in duty bound will ever pray,

JOSHUA QUINT, } Selectmen and Com-
SYLVANUS B. BEAN, } mittee appointed
DANIEL GOODWIN, jr } as aforesaid.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twelfth day of October, by adjournment from the Sept. Term, 1848.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the Inn of Isaac Spring, in Brownfield, on the twenty-first day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Brownfield and Fryeburg, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said towns of Brownfield and Fryeburg, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications, and each of the other notices, to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

24 Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Blacksmith's Stand

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers his stand, consisting of a house, shed, stable, blacksmith's shop, one half of a carriage shop, and one acre of good land, situated at Rumford Corner, for sale on the most reasonable terms. For particulars enquire of Wm. K. Kimball, Esq., Paris Hill, or of Wm. W. Virgin, Esq., Norway Village. CYRUS SMALL.

Rumford, Sept. 27, 1848. *23

NEW STORE & NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

A. C. DENISON & C. P. TRUE

HAVING FORMED A CONNECTION IN BUSINESS UNDER THE FIRM OF

DENISON & TRUE,

AND having made large additions to their Store the past Summer, making it now the largest Store in the County, are now receiving from Portland, Boston, and New York

A Large and General Assortment of Goods,

adapted to the country trade, which, in consequence of their facilities for purchasing,

CAN AND WILL BE SOLD LOW;

and they would respectfully invite new and especially their old customers to call and examine their Stock of Goods, as we can and will sell at prices that shall satisfy. We intend to keep every article usually kept in a Variety Store, among which may be found

Blue, Black, Brown and Gold Mixed BROAD CLOTHS; Beaver and other thick Cloths for Overcoats; Fancy and Black Cassimeres and Doe Skins; Steel Mixed, Grey, and Blue Satinetts; Vestings, of all qualities and styles.—Prints; Patches.

DRESS and CLOAK GOODS, such as Coburgs, Lustres, Lyonese, Alpaccas, Madama Stripes, M. deLaines Ginghams, &c. &c. Also,

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, of all qualities; Tickings; Batting; Red, White, and Orange Flannels. Gloves; Laces; Edgings, and White Goods of all kinds.

Hats, Caps, Buffaloes, Muffs, Feathers.

A Great Variety of ROOM PAPERS and CARPETINGS. Also—A Splendid Assortment of

Crockery Ware and Looking Glasses; Hard Ware;

W. I. Good sand Groceries, Corn, Flour, Nails, Glass, Iron, Steel,

BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER,

RUBBER OVERSHOES, all kinds.

WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPER.

LAMP AND LINSEED OILS, PAINTS, GROUND LEAD, ETC.

WANTED,

10,000 Bushels of OATS; 2000 do. BEANS; 200 do. RYE;
20 Tons of APPLE; 10,000 Pounds of WOOL;
50 Tons of RAGS delivered at Paper Mill at Steep Falls, or at their Store;
20 Tons ROUND HOGS in two or three weeks.

For which Cash in part will be paid, if wanted.

DENISON & TRUE.

Norway Village, Oct. 21, 1848. tf 26

New Goods.

HUBBARD & STEVENS

ARE now receiving their NEW STOCK of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, all of which will be sold VERY LOW. Call and examine. Oct. 23. 25

5000 YDS. BROWN SHEETINGS, from 4 to 8 cents per yard.
3000 yds. PRINTS, from 3 to 12 1-2 cents per yard.
GOOD GINGHAMS for 12 1-2 cents per yard.
Blue, Black, Drab, Plaided and Striped ALPACCAS, from 25 to 67.
Also, Thibet, Cashmere, Delains, Grandilla, Linseys, and other Dress Goods, for sale by

Paris Hill, Oct. 13. 25 HUBBARD & STEVENS.

American, English, French and German Broadcloths,

FROM $1,50 to $5,00 per yard, and a good assortment of Blue, Gold Mixed, Brown and Black Waved Beaver Cloths, Cassimeres, Doe Skins, Tweeds, Satinetts. Also—Ready made Clothing, such as Over Coats, Sack Coats, Pants, Vests, Overalls, &c. &c. Likewise—Hats, Caps, Muffs, Buffaloe Robes, &c. for sale by HUBBARD & STEVENS.

Paris Hill, Oct. 23, 1848. 26

CHEAP GOODS.

Bought at Auction with Cash.

SMITH & ROBINSON,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A Large and Desirable Stock of Goods, to be sold

LOW FOR CASH.

SHAWLS, of all kinds, *at reduced prices.*
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth $16, for $11.
" " do 9-4, " $15, for $10.
" " do Long Shawls, new designs.
All *Wool middle,* do 9-4, worth $6, for 4
Rob Roy Long Shawls, *new styles.*
Edinboro' Shaws, *a perfect imitation* of the French Cashmere, 9-4, worth $4 for 2, *very cheap.*
Emb'd Crape, Thibet, Silk, &c. &c.
Silk and Wool Barage Shawls, 9-4, for $1, *last Summer sold same quality for $3.*

MOREENS, Thibets, Lionesse and Indiana Cloths from 75 to 1 25 per yard, *great bargains.*
Alpaccas, *silk warp,* 42 cts., and all such Goods at *unheard of bargains.*

INDIANA CLOTHS, at 50 cents.
Fig'd, Striped and Plain Alpaccas, 4-4 at 47 cts!
Our Alpaccas, Thibets, Alepines, &c. are not to be found at such low prices in town.

TABLE LINENS, BOUGHT AT AUCTION, and will be sold at a small advance from cost. Brown and white Linen Table Cloths, *all sizes,* and prices. Napkins, ALL LINEN, 12 1-2 cents. Embossed Table Cloths, unusually low.

HEAVY IRISH LINENS at FIFTY cents, old price seventy-five cents.
1 case (*warranted all Linen*) 62 1-2 cents, old price $1.
Please remember that the above were bought at AUCTION, FOR CASH, therefore *must be very cheap.*

& WE have a good quality of Linen for 37 1-2 cts.

RICH BLACK SILKS and VELVETS, for Visites, Mantillas, Shawls, &c.; Black Silk Fringes and Gimps, for trimming same, some very rich and heavy.

OUR GINGHAMS are much below the market.

1 case fast colors and heavy goods, 12 1-2 cents per yard.
1 case Scotch do. heavy goods 17 cents.
1 case French do. fine goods, 20 cents.
1 case mourning do. fine do. 12 1-2 cents.

BED TICKINGS, 6d to 15 cents; Striped Shirtings best quality 10 cents.
Cotton FLANNELS 6d; Cambrics 6 cts.; Bed-Comforters, Blankets, &c.

IN FLANNELS *we pledge ourselves to undersell any one.*
White and Red *all wool,* 17 cts. Red 12 1-2 cts.
Red Twilled, *very heavy,* 25 cents; Blue Mixed, Orange, Dommett Flannels, *some extra fine,* from 17 to 33 cents.

NEW lot M. de LAINES, *at* 12 1-2 cents.
1 case at 17; 1 case at 20 cents, cheap.
1 case plain, 17 cents.
1 case Camelion LUSTRE, *new article.*

SHEETINGS!! SHEETINGS!!!
Merrimack, Dover, New Bedford, Mohawk and Empire, all 40 inch wide, 6 1-4 cts. Portland and Exeter 6 1-4.
Waverly 4-4 wide 4 cents. Dover and Mohawk bleached, 6d.
Bartlett, 9-8 12 1-2 cts.; 5-4 wide, 16 cts.; Uxbridge, 9-8 wide, 10 cents; *very fine* Shirtings 8 1-4 cents.

OUR PRINTS and PATCHES for cheapness cannot be equalled.
2000 yards Prints fast colors, good styles, extra fine cloths, only 6 1-4 cents.
1000 yds. 4-4 English Prints, 10 cts.
1000 yds. 4-4 do do 12 1-2 cts.
1000 yds. Prints for Comforters, 4 cts.
2000 yds. Merrimac and Dover Prints, 10 cts.
Patches from 4 to 10 cts.

NOW when you can purchase a first rate Gingham UMBRELLA, *whalebone sticks,* for 62 1-2 cts., which is worth $1 12 1-2, who will go without. Call and see them.
Cane stick Umbrellas 50 cents.

Carpetings.	Feathers.	Matrisses.	Mats.
Tapestry; Brussels; Three Ply; Superfine; Fine and Common, *all wool;* Straw Matting; Hemp; Cotton and all other kinds. All wool carpetings, 50 cts.; Oil Carpetings, 33 cts. per yard; Stair do, a large assortment.	Live Geese, *pure white;* Live Geese, sweet and clean; Russia, 1st, 2d and 3d qualities; Hens, extra quality; Feather Beds, from $5 to $10—We sell at low prices—Call and see.	Shaker Hair; South American do.; Bowed Cotton; Cotton; Palm Leaf; Common Hair. Old Matrasses made over.	Bedside, a new article; Lapland Dog Skin; English Wool; Manilla; Jute; Chip; Grass; Rope; Carpet Rods; Stair Crash.

Our long experience has satisfied us that LOW PRICES and QUICK RETURNS is the only way that purchasers can be assured of getting the full value for their money; and in future all Cash paying Customers can get more than ever for a dollar, by calling at the

CHEAP STORE,

90 & 92 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

SMITH & ROBINSON.

[3w23]

REMOVAL.

BECKETT & INGRAHAM

—HAVE REMOVED TO—

McLELLAN'S NEW STORE,

106 1-2 Middle, Corner of Plumb St.,

Nearly opposite the Casco House.

Portland, Sept 6. 3m26

Stoves! Stoves!!

THE subscriber, Agent for the manufacturers, is now receiving a prime assortment of

Cooking, Air-Tight and Box Stoves and Fire Frames,

and invites all in want of such to give him a call, and assures them that he will show them the articles with great pleasure.

Norway, Oct. 14, 1848. WM. E. GOODNOW. tf 25

POETRY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENDURANCE.

Were the lonely acorn never bound
In the rude cold grasp of the rotting ground;
Did the rigid frost never harden up
The mould above its bursting cup;
Were it never soaked in the rain and hail,
Or chill'd by the breath of the wintry gale,
It would not sprout in the sunshine free,
Or give the promise of a tree;
It would not spread to the summer air
Its lengthening boughs and branches fair,
To form a bower where, in starry nights,
Young love might dream unknown delights;
Or stand in the woods among its peers,
Fed by the dews of a thousand years.

Were never the dull, unseemly ore
Dragg'd from the depths where it slept of yore;
Were it never cast into the searching flame,
To be purged of impurity and shame;
Were it never molten 'mid burning brands,
Or bruis'd and beaten by stalward hands,
It would never be known as a thing of worth;
It would never emerge to a nobler birth;
It would never be form'd into mystic rings,
To fetter Love's erratic wings;
It would never shine amid priceless gems,
On the girth of imperial diadems;
Nor become to the world a power and a pride,
Cherish'd, adored, and deified.

So, thou, O man of a noble soul,
Starting in view of a glorious goal,
Wert thou never exposed to the blasts, forlorn—
The storms of sorrow—the sleets of scorn;
Wert thou never refined in pitiless fire,
From the dross of thy sloth and mean desire;
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love has its roots in woe,
Thou wouldst never unriddle the complex plan,
Or reach half way to the perfect man;
Thou wouldst never attain the tranquil height
Where wisdom purifies the sight,
And God unfolds to the humblest gaze
The bliss and beauty of his ways.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

The story of Adele Barron, published in a recent number of the Knickerbocker, which turns upon some missing letters, has brought to mind an incident related by Frank Granger as having occurred when he was at the head of the post office department. A letter was one day received from the postmaster of a town in New-Jersey, enclosing a letter very old and dingy, and covered with flyspecs in every part, except where a tape had passed over it, indicating that it had been for a long time placed in the paper or card rack of some bar-room or shop. The superscription, if there had ever been any, had entirely faded away. The postmaster wrote that he found it in his letter box, and had tried in vain to discover who had deposited it there, in order that it migth receive a proper direction as it apparently contained money. As it had not been advertised, it was not, in strictness, a dead letter: but he sent it to to the department in order that they might dispose of it. The Post Master general took the responsibility of opening it, and found that it was dated at Philadelphia in the year 1821, twenty years before, and enclosed a twenty dollar bill on the United States Bank. It was addressed by a man to his wife, at a small village not far from the post-office where the letter was found, informing her that he, the writer, should start for home in two or three days; but that as his brother was about to leave for home, he took advantage of the opportunity to send her by him the enclosed sum of money wherewith to make preparations for the approaching wedding.

The Post Master General caused a letter to be written to the address of the writer, informing him of the circumstances. In the course of a week, a reply was received from a female stating that the writer of the letter was her father, and the one to whom it was addressed was her mother, both of whom were dead—that, twenty years before, on the eve of her own wedding, she remembered that her father and uncle had quarrelled, the former having been led by some suspicious circumstances, to discredit the latter's assertion that he had lost a letter containing money entrusted to his care, and to insinuate that he had appropriated the amount to his own use. The consequence was, that all intercourse between the families had from that time been suspended, and that she should immediately write to her uncle and and cousins who were still living at a distance, to beg that the intercourse and friendship so long interrupted might be resumed, the discovery of this letter having satisfied her of what she had long suspected, that her father was wrong, and relieved her mind from a weight of painful anxiety.

Whether any farther clue to the manner in which the letter had arrived at the office at so late a period was ever ascertained, is not known; the probability is, that the letter had been picked up at or near some country tavern on the road, and was placed, with the variety of business cards and miscellaneous papers which usually fill the tapes over the mantle-piece of such a place, and there it had remained from year to year, perhaps concealed from notice by other papers and letters, until, on a change of landlords or an improvement of the house, the landlord had disposed of it by depositing it in the nearest post office. Home Journal.

HEAVY ARTILLERY.—During the battle of the 8th May, a long eighteen-pounder, dragged by twenty yoke of oxen, was ordered to take position to act with effect against the enemy.—The detachment accompanying the piece was exceedingly anxious to commence operations, but their ardor was restrained by the commander, Captain Churchill, until he had attained what he conceived to be a proper position, when a deadly fire was poured into the ranks of the Mexicans. A wag, in allusion to the above incident, gave, soon after, the following toast—'Yankee *Flying* Artillery—a long eighteen and twenty yoke of oxen; not so fast as a streak of greased lightning, but when once thar, thunder's no whar.'

SINGULAR ADVENTURE IN LONDON.

Some thirty or forty years ago, having to visit a distant part of the world, I embarked on board a ship in which were several passengers. One recited the following which occurred to himself. Of its truth there can be no doubt, as an examination of the book at the police office will testify to the fact. To avoid egotism, I shall relate it in the third person.

On his arrival in London after a long absence abroad, he went one evening to the Italian opera, habited a la costume, that is silk stockings and pumps, with a chapeau de bras, no person being allowed permission except in full dress either to pit or boxes. Having neglected to purchase a ticket, he found it difficult to procure a seat, but upon applying the usual douceur to the box-keeper, he was ushered into a box, where sat a lady by herself, to whom he related his embarrassment, and was politely requested to take a seat. Finding her to be young and handsome, he congratulated himself upon his good fortune, and had still greater cause to do so when he discovered she was as intelligent as beautiful. The conversation was maintained with considerable spirit, during the intervals of the performance. At the close of the representation, the doctor inquired if she had any conveyance waiting, in which she answered that her carriage was no doubt at the door, and the footman would come for her. A considerable time having elapsed and no footman arriving, he offered to accompany her down stairs, to which she consented, but no footman coming, she presumed that the carriage must have returned home under the impression that she had left the opera with some of her friends. A hack was consequently called, and, at her request, he accompanyed her. The coach, according to her directions, was driven towards a part of the city with which the doctor was entirely unacquainted, and upon arriving at a turnpike, which he afterwards found was near the King's bench prison, the lady expressed a wish to alight, as she was near her home, and her mother would be angry if she saw her accompanied by a gentleman. At this time it rained considerably and the streets were very muddy; independent of the interest he began to feel in the matter, the doctor's gallantry would not permit him to desert the lady at that late hour of the night, though neither were habited to "abide the pelting of the pitiless storm."—After treading their way through several by streets and perfectly saturated with wet, they at length arrived at a house situated back from the street with a garden in front, which the lady stated to be her residence, and requested the doctor to enter and dry his clothes previous to his returning, which offer being accepted, she opened the door with a key in her possession, and after procuring a light from the side room, ushered the doctor up stairs to the second story, where, placing the candle on a table, she requested him to wait until she could apprise her mother of his presence, and explain its cause.

The room was slightly furnished with a couch, a table and two chairs, and not by any means in accordance with the costume and apparent gentility of the lady. Having waited nearly half an hour and no lady making her appearance, his patience became exhausted, and his suspicions aroused; he examined every part of the room carefully, and found no cause of alarm, except that the windows were barred and would not admit of egress. Tired out at last, he took off his pumps, and cautiously descended the stairs to listen for some sound, but all was silent; he tried the front door but that was locked and the key taken away. Just at this moment, he heard the garden gate open and footsteps advancing—he placed himself in a position so as to be behind the door when it was opened, trusting to the darkness for not being discovered.—As the key was applied to the door, one of the men outside observed—"we have him safe enough now, he cannot escape us." The door being cautiously and noislessly opened, two men entered, closing it again without looking, and passing on to a second, which the doctor had not before perceived, which they carefully locked, thus leaving him between the two. He waited until they had struck a light, and were going up stairs, when opening the front door ran into the street in his stocking feet, and went in search of a watchman, but those watchful guardians had, it is presumed, purposely disposed themselves at a distance, for it was some time before he could find one, and then, being bewildered by the many turnings he had made, he could not discover the house, and was compelled, after a search of two hours to give it up, and proceed to the lodgings of a friend, distant four miles from the spot, whom he waked up at four o'clock in the morning, to devise means whereby to bring to punishment the villains who had designed to rob and murder him. His friend attended him to the Bow street Police office, and upon stating the transaction, an officer was ordered to accompany them, but though they continued the search, for four successive days, the doctor was unable to discover the house, from his having been purposely conveyed by the fiend in female shape through so many devious ways, as utterly to confuse him.

For several nights he attended the opera, in hopes of again seeing his beautiful deceiver, but without success; neither did the box-keeper know any thing about her; she had acted as a decoy, and the victim having escaped the snare, the fear of detection had for a season, probably, saved the lives of others who might have been less fortunate.

In pulling down some old houses for improvment in the neighborhood, some two or three years afterwards, several bodies were found under the kitchen floor of one, which created much excitement: whether, however, it was the one to which the doctor had been allured he could not tell, though it was in that vicinity where the incident occurred. This narrow escape from death made him exceedingly cautious in avioding all such transitory acquaintances up to the time in which he narrated his escape.—Since which he has resigned his life into the hands of his Maker.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—The late Rev. Jeremiah Barnard of Amherst, who succeeded the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, the first minister, and also a good farmer, had the best farm, and was considered behind no other man in the town in that occupation. His good lady was also among the smartest in her way, and was instructress of daughters who have figured as wives of the wealthy in the cities. In the busy season of haying, to supersede the necessity of writing new sermons, the old ones were used, and the minister exchanged with his brother of a neighboring town. On one of these occasions, a Rev. Mr Wadsworth, of Brookline, who had an impediment in his speech, exchanged with Mr. Barnard. The dinner, at the house of the latter, was calf's head, &c., with the brains cooked in the usual method. The good lady by way of a joke, remarking that it was a general rule that every part strengthened a part, asked the Brookline minister if he would not be helped to some of the tongue.

'Yes, madam,' retorted Mr. W. 'and may I be suffered to furnish your plate with a portion of the b-b-brains?'

A SHOOTING ANECDOTE.—It is rather dangerous going out on a shooting excursion with a green 'un, who has never had any practice in the collineomaniac art—as the following amusing anecdote, from the memoirs of Mr. Thomas F. Buxton, will testify:—

Once, when staying with Mr. Coke, at Holkam, a well known professor was also one of the visitors. The venerable historian had never had a gun in his hand, but on this occasion Mr. Coke persuaded him to accompany the shooting party: care, however, was taken to place him at the corner of the covert, where it was thought the other sportsmen would be out of his reach. When the rest of the party came up to the spot where he was standing, Mr. Coke said to him—

'Well, what sport? You have been firing often?'

'Hush,' says the professor, 'there it goes again,' and he was just raising his gun, when a man walked very quietly from the bushes about seventy yards in front of him. It was one of the beaters who had been sent to stop the pheasants, and his leather gaiters dimly seen through the bushes, had been mistaken for a hare by the professor, who, much surprised by its tenacity of life, had been firing at it whenever he saw it move.

'But,' said Mr. Buxton, 'the man had never discovered that the professor was shooting at him.'

PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.—A good humored correspondent of the Philadelphia North American details at length the variety of emotions he felt on his passage from that city to Buffalo. He was 'astonished' at the honesty of a salesman—'amused' at the fears of a fidgetty old lady on the ferry boat—'pleased' with the delicious New Jersey peaches—'indignant' at the conduct of the gentlemen in seizing the best seats in the cars—'delighted' with a concert, in one of the cars, of eleven babies, varying from twelve to forty pounds, whose voices ranged from G. treble to C. above,—'animated' with a steamboat race on the Hudson—'annoyed' by the thieves, rogues, pickpockets and runners in Albany—'felt indifferent' at the search for a Cass man on board, who, when he was found, was declared to be on his way to the Lunatic Asylum—'much annoyed' at the fusilade of dinner bells at Utica—and finally 'half frozen' on his arrival at Buffalo, where the thermometer stood at 40. How he got back the public have not been informed.

A GENTLEMAN.—Did you ever see a gentleman? We have seen two or three in our day, but real gentlemen are very rare. A gentleman is one who treats every body with respect, whether he be black or white, low or high, poor, or rich. He does not bow to wealth, scrape his knees to honor, nor hold his tongue when he sees wickedness in high places.—You always receive from him a civil answer to your enquiry, and he kindly imparts to you any information in his power. He will not say a word to injure your feelings, or allude to a subject to pain your heart. Whatever may be done, he will not manifest angry feelings, or use unbecoming language. He uses no profane or indecent words, smokes no cigars in your presence nor spits tobacco juice on your floors. He is the same kind and accommodating individual, from one week's end to another.

HOW SPIDERS MAKE BRIDGES.

Some of the most distinguished naturalists of the world believe that spiders have the art of crossing streams of water on bridges of their own making. Mr. Spencer relates the following curious fact:—'Having placed a large, full-grown spider, on a cane upright in the midst of a stream of water, he saw it descend the cane several times, and remount when it arrived at the surface of the water. Suddenly he lost sight of it wholly; but a few minutes afterwards, to his great astonishment, he perceived it quietly pursuing its own way on the other side of the stream. Having spun two threads along the cane, it had cut one of them, which, carried by the wind, had become attached to some object on the bank, and so formed the spider as a bridge to cross the water.'

Geologists mark two periods in the history of animals now living, one when marine animals were created, and the other when fresh water animals appeared.

True modesty blushes for every thing that is criminal. False modesty is ashamed of every thing unfashionable.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can befall us.

'I believe,' said Mrs. Moreland, 'that extravagance is the besetting sin of the age. Yesterday, I saw advertised *Lyon's* sausages for sale.—They used to be made of *dog* meat.'

RATS.—It is not advisable to poison them; they carry the poison into food and water to which they can have any access, and in this way whole families have been poisoned.

Fashionable Millinery.

MRS. H. W. GOODNOW,

RESPECTFULLY informs her old customers and the public generally, that she has just received a good assortment of fashionable

STRAW, SILK, MOURNING, & FANCY

BONNETS.

—ALSO—

CAPS, RIBBONS, LACES, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, &c. &c.

☞ Orders from a distance, (as usual,) punctually attended to.

Norway Village, June 1, 1848. tf 6

ISAIAH KNIGHT,

DEALER IN

Stoves, and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of STOVES, FUNNEL, and WARES, of the most perfect manufacture, and WARRANTED, constantly kept on hand, which will be sold as *low* as can be purchased *elsewhere*.

☞ Any pattern of Stove not on hand when called for will be obtained by first team, if desired.

April 11, 1848. tf 49

S. SHURTLEFF,

BOOT-MAKER,

PARIS HILL.

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he continues to manufacture Gentlemen's Boots of every description at his Shop, over the Bookstore, at Paris Hill, of short notice, and at reasonable prices for Cash or Produce.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

☞ All work warranted.

Aug. 29, 1848. 4m 17

Woolen Cloths!!

THE SOUTH PARIS MANUFACTURING Co. take pleasure in informing their customers that they have on hand an unusually large stock of

WOOLEN CLOTHS,

which they have intended should be unsurpassed in durability, or style, by any of their previous manufacture, and which they will exchange for Wool, on the most favorable conditions.

All Cloths sold WARRANTED SERVICEABLE, or those known to be defective will not be offered.

☞ Cloths sold to the TRADE at prices to correspond with the TIMES, and GOOD, [illegible] of the kind.

WM. DEERING, Agent.

South Paris, June, 1848. tf 5

ASTONISHING CURE OF CONSUMPTION,

IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE following certificate of a remarkable cure of consumption, by the use of the Hungarian Balsam, was furnished by Messrs. Sweetser & Comstock, of this city, Dec. 1847. Mr. Talbot is well known in the neighborhood where he resides, and his case has attracted considerable attention here. We take great pains to procure the most reliable and unexceptionable certificates, and never attempt to publish those of any other.

PROVIDENCE, March 13, 1848.

To Messrs. Sweetser & Comstock:

Gentlemen.—This may certify, that I have been confined to my house almost entirely for the last two years, and to my bed for the last eight months, in consequence of the Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Asthma. During this time, I have employed the services of some of the most skilful Physicians in the city, all of whom failed entirely to benefit me, and I feel myself indebted to Providence for fortunately I was induced to try Dr. Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, which has literally saved my life, within the last six weeks, I have so far recovered as to be able to attend to my business in the counting room.

ABNY TALBOT.

Persons desiring to purchase the Great English Remedy, can obtain it of E. K. Hammond, the only agent in Paris.

Oct. 3, 1848. 4m 15 DFBB

CELEBRATED CHOLERA MIXTURE,

AN EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR

CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA

And Bowel Complaints generally.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

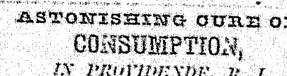
Pike & Osgood,

No. 79 & 81 Blackstone Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR all the purposes for which this remedy is recommended, I have found the Pike & Osgood's Cholera Mixture to be a most valuable medicine. I have used it in my own family, and have also administered it to others, and in every instance it has proved effectual. I have also used it in the Cholera Infantum, with the most happy effect. For sale by CHAS. L. FRANCIS and BOD'T NOYES, Norway Village.

Aug. 12, 1847. tf 17

SPECTACLES



A Good Assortment of Spectacles for persons of all ages may be found at the Store of the subscriber. Call and see.

Paris Hill, March 22, 1847. D. WALTON.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner,

FOR OXFORD COUNTY.

☞ Residence, Mechanic Falls, Cumberland Co.

☞ All communications by Mail, or otherwise promptly attended to.—July 14, 1846. tf 41

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE.

SMITH'S PATENT

Trojan Pioneer Stove,

MANUFACTURED BY

LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.,

1st 2 doors North of the Post Office, Augusta.

ALTHOUGH completely adapted for burning Wood, yet with Coal, for all Cooking and Heating purposes, it far surpasses any other Cooking Apparatus that can be produced. It is *surprising* to see the large amount of cooking, of the various kinds, that is done (in the most perfect manner,) with the *small amount of fuel* that it requires.

The oven to this Stove is extremely large, being of sufficient capacity to admit *six large sized pie plates*, or six large loaves of bread, or even the *largest pudding or bean pots in use*, at the same time. In addition to the advantages it has over other Cook Stoves, for boiling, baking, washing, frying, heating irons, &c., it is acknowledged by all who have used it, to have the

Best Arrangement for Broiling & Roasting

that has ever been in use; the steam, from cooking, being carried off effectually.

The parts of this Stove can in one moment's time, be so disconnected as to make *Two Perfect Stoves*—which is of great value in the warm season of the year. In cold weather, these may be connected.

When it is necessary for a fire in the front part of the Stove, it will operate on the whole, and perform more kinds of cooking, with less fuel, than can be done in any other manner. Another improvement is a Sliding Damper on the top of the Stove, by which the heat is so completely graduated that the fire can be kept over night, so as to make of it a complete

Air-Tight Stove.

This Stove certainly has many advantages that no other Stove ever yet had. The Ovens are about the only ones in use which will bake well with hard coal,—as most of the Stoves used are so constructed that the Ovens will not bake even with a coal fire. There is another great advantage in the construction of this Stove, in first applying the heat to the bottom of the oven, which causes the bread to rise, and at the same time, thoroughly crusts the bottom; whereas, in stoves which first carry the fire to the top of the oven before it reaches the bottom, the bread will crust on the top before it is sufficiently done through, which prevents the heat from rising, and causes it to be heavy—the top being crusted hard, and the bottom not sufficiently baked.

All those in want of a first rate Cooking Stove, are particularly invited to call and examine this Stove before purchasing elsewhere, and time and money will surely be saved, as they will decide soon to purchase; the price will be found to be very reasonable. There are a numbered sizes, suitable for the smallest family up to those for a public house. They are not at all complicated in their construction, but easily regulated.

☞ For a more particular and full description of the above Stove see large Bills at the Hotels and Stores in this and adjoining towns. Hundreds of names in recommendation of the above Stove could be obtained, if necessary.

For sale at the old stand of the subscriber, opposite Howard's Hotel, Norway Village, where also may be found Stoves of various patterns, which will be offered low for *Lumber, Wood, Produce or CASH.*

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Oct. 12, 1847. tf 23

State of Maine.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Augusta, Sept. 4, 1848.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

THE apportionment of companies to the several divisions of the Militia of Maine, according to the provisions of the law passed at the last session of the Legislature, is as follows, viz:

1st division	20 companies.	
2	do	22 do
3	do	15 do
4	do	24 do
5	do	20 do
6	do	22 do
7	do	18 do
8	do	21 do
9	do	26 do

Each brigade to the above divisions are allowed the term of two years for the organization of such companies, at the expiration of which, according to the number of companies to which they are entitled, other companies will be organized to raise them as apportioned to the respective divisions.

It is hoped that the martial spirit of our citizens, as manifested on the late call of the President, will induce prompt action in the organization of companies, and that the officers will secure a willing and prompt return to duty, and the organization in each division of the Militia of Maine, of all the companies allowed by law.

Independent companies are not to be organized, nor allowed to join the service of the State, until the companies to which they belong, according to the apportionment, are organized, or the time for their organization has expired.

Once a month, on the days of muster, each company will meet for exercise, and at least three times each year the companies will be required to meet in battalion, regiment or brigade, as the commanding officer may direct.

By the Governor,

ALFRED BENGTON,
Adjutant General.

☞ Papers in Portland, Lewiston, Bangor, Portland, Thomaston, Belfast, Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Kennebunk, Saco, Alfred, Castine, Machias, Calais, Eastport, Penobscot Press, Skowhegan, Dixfield, Paris, Bucksport and White Rock, will insert the above General Order and Annual Muster Roll, and forward their bills to the Adjutant General for payment.

tf 21

Pauper Notice!!

ALL persons are hereby notified that JOHN [illegible] of Paris, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, on the [illegible] day of [illegible] A. D. 1847, [illegible] Insolvent Debtor, and that the Hon. [illegible] Judge of Probate within and for said County of Oxford, has appointed the [illegible] day of [illegible] A. D. 1847, at [illegible] o'clock in the forenoon, at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, for the Creditors of said Debtor to appear before him, if they see cause, and prove their debts and choose an Assignee of his estate.

JACOB STILES.

Norway, Aug. 1, 1848.

All persons are hereby notified to call upon the subscriber for payment.

I. PARLIN,
T. T. TOBEY,
Norway, Aug. 1, 1848. 3w 31

Window Sashes.

500 LIGHTS of Double Lights 12 and 10 by 12 Glazed Sash, extra quality, painted and unpainted, for sale by

HUMPHREY & SILENES.

North Paris, April 8, 1848. tf 40

NEWELL & NIEBUHR,

DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

AT WHOLESALE,

Corner of Middle and Free Streets

(Late on Deering's & Greenleaf's Row, Flour.)

Portland.

Sept. 15, 1847. tf 29

PRESSEY & BARROWS,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Furniture, Chairs, &c.

NORWAY VILLAGE, Me.

Pine Lumber.

3000 FEET Pine Lumber, suitable for fences and Window Sash, for sale by W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Dec. 20, 1847. 6m

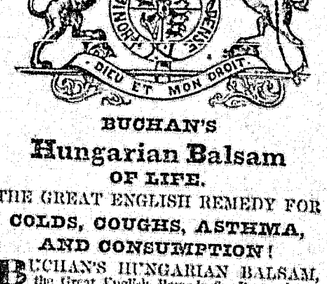
Sheet Zinc & Lead

FOR sale at the Old Stand of

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway Village, Oct. 12, 1847. tf 23

CONSUMPTION CURED!



BUCHAN'S

Hungarian Balsam

OF LIFE.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR

COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA,

AND CONSUMPTION!

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Pectoral and Pulmonary diseases, still stands unrivalled and unsurpassed as the most elegant, agreeable, and effectual curative of these formidable complaints, now known to the civilized world.

Three years trial in the United States, during which time it has been distributed from Maine to Florida, has only served to establish its pre-eminent merit in all parts of the country, as the great and

ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY

in the worst cases of Pulmonary disease, and the best and most agreeable curative of all slight forms of colds, cough and inflammation, that can possibly be used.

SPITTING OF BLOOD!

This frightful symptom of approaching Consumption, is speedily checked and prevented by the use of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, which heals the affected membrane, removes the malignant tubercles, and restores those vital organs, the lungs, to a sound and healthy condition.

REMEMBER THIS:

Spitting of Blood always arises from a tendency to Tuberculous diseases; and if not checked, at the outset, will sooner or later determine in death. A person who raises blood once, will raise blood again unless a proper curative is immediately employed.

PAIN IN THE SIDE!

This distressing symptom of Consumption arises from inflammation of the Lungs, of the Membrane called the Pleura, or from Bronchial affections of the air-passages. In either case it is a very dangerous indication of disease. It prevents full and free breathing, and wears away the natural strength of the system. The cause of this symptom should be removed at once, as nothing can possibly afford that object so speedily and happily as the great English Remedy, discovered by Dr. Buchan, which is entirely vegetable in its ingredients, and perfectly harmless in its qualities.

BE WISE TO-DAY!

Delay in any Consumptive case, is emphatically Death, under all ordinary treatment. The Hungarian Balsam is a great ANTIDOTE, as well as CURATIVE. If you have any symptoms above described, be advised in time.

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